

# JINGLES OF A JESTER

BY  
CHARLES T. GRILLEY





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# JINGLES OF A JESTER

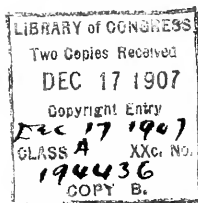
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**To my fellow members and co-workers  
of the Lyceum**

**WHO HAVE BEEN KIND ENOUGH TO PRESENT  
TO THE PUBLIC SOME OF  
THESE SELECTIONS**

**This volume is gratefully dedicated**

NOTE.

*Thanks are due the Publishers of Puck, Drummer's Yarns and Werner's Voice Magazine for permission to reproduce some of the verses which originally appeared in their columns.*





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PROEM.

*I could not call them poems, I would not  
dare—*

*Should you think to criticise as such, beware!  
I prefer to style them “jingles”; so Sir  
Critic, if you know*

*When a jingler jingles proper, seize your  
hammers, let 'er go.*





## DE WHITEWASHIN' MAN.

Comin' 'roun' de cohnah am  
de whitewashin' man ;  
Take wahnin', li'l black  
folks, wahnin' !

Brush on his shouldah, an' bucket in his  
han' ;

Take wahnin', li'l black folks, wahnin' !

If he leahns dat yo' sassy, dat yo' steal, or  
yo' fight,

If yo' don't he'p yo' mammy, and do eva'-  
ting dats right,

Yo' will fin' him by yo' bed on some dahk  
an' dismal night ;

Take wahnin', li'l black folks, wahnin' !

DE WHITEWASHIN' MAN.

If yo' bad, he can fin' yo', no mattah whah  
yo' hide ;

Take wahnin', li'l black folks, wahnin' !  
Wid his long-handle brush he will be da  
by yo' side ;

Take wahnin', li'l black folks, wahnin' !

If he heahs yo' complainin' 'bout de colah  
ob yo' skin,

To a ghose he will tu'n yo' wif a coat ob  
whitenin',

An' yo'll live in a graveyahd fo'evah fo'  
yo' sin ;

So take wahnin', li'l black folks, wahnin' !



## BACK HOME.

I want to git back home agin,  
An' git there by th' quickest way ;  
Back to good ol' Poseytown  
I want to go, an' go to-day.

This city life may be all right  
Fer them as likes its roar an' din ;  
But as fer me, I've hed enough,  
An' I want to git back home agin.

I'm sick of dodgin' 'lectric cars,  
Of "Hayseed" here, an' "Rubber!"  
there,  
Of signs "Keep off the grass," an' rules,  
An' seein' p'licemen everywhere.

BACK HOME.

I want to git my nerves cammed down,  
An' stroll agin through th' village street,  
An' feel th' breeze through th' swayin' elms  
Where folks say, "How-dy," when they  
meet.

I want to take my evenin' walk  
Down to Holcomb's grocery store,  
An' join th' group thet gethers there  
To talk th' village happenin's o'er.

Then watch th' mail distributed,  
An' along 'bout half-past eight  
Bid all good-night, then saunter home,  
Where someone's waitin' by tk' gate.

When all is locked up fer th' night  
I take my lamp an' start upstairs  
To find th' peaceful rest that comes  
To those who know not city cares.



BACK HOME.

So gimme a ticket fer Poseytown,  
An' remember I want it jes' one way;  
No matter how cheap th' round trip is,  
I'm goin' back home, an' goin' to stay.



## INJUNS.

A very bad boy was Willie Green, played  
hookey every day ;  
With a yellow-back novel in his lap he  
passed the hours away,  
A-dreaming of the time when he would be  
like Buffalo Bill  
And wear long hair, a wide-brimmed hat,  
and the Injuns he would kill.  
He longed to gallop o'er the plains, hunt  
Injuns day and night,  
Hear bullets singing round his ears, would  
be his heart's delight.  
To slaughter red-skin devils and carve  
them with his knife ;  
Scalp every living Injun was his one great  
aim in life.

INJUNS.

*Injuns! Injuns! Injuns! He saw them every-  
where,  
Wide awake, or fast asleep, Injuns still were  
there ;  
Injuns at the football game, at the Wild West  
Show,  
Injun music, tum, tum, tum, wherever he  
would go.  
Modocs from the Black Hills, braves from  
Old Town, Maine.  
Injuns! Injuns! Injuns! He had Injuns on  
the brain.*

He'd walk for many a mile to see an Injun-  
Cowboy play ;  
He'd eat a quart of Injun meal for break-  
fast food each day.  
When Injun Summer came around, he  
longed to hit the trail,—  
The lack of funds was all that caused his  
warlike plans to fail.

INJUNS.

But, oh, the lottery of life! when he grew  
to man's estate,  
He joined an Injun Medicine Show and  
took one for a mate;  
And now instead of scalping them, his  
mind is occupied  
In trying to feed a dozen little Injuns by  
his side.

*Injuns! Injuns! Injuns! He sees them every-  
where,  
Wide awake or fast asleep, Injuns still are  
there.  
Injuns at the football game, at the Wild West  
Show,  
Injun music, tum, tum, tum, wherever he  
may go.  
Modocs from the Black Hills, braves from  
Old Town, Maine.  
Injuns! Injuns! Injuns! He had Injuns on  
the brain.*

## THE MAYOR OF CENTREVILLE.



I'm tall you 'bout my frien' Batiste  
Napoleon Archambeau,  
Dat come from Canadaw ten,  
twelve, maybe nine, year ago.  
He wit' hees brodder Pete dey  
work in great beeg cotton  
meel

Somewhere in dat Rhode Island State ; I  
t'ink it Centreville.

Batiste get seeck of job an' soon back home  
he mak' hees way

To Canadaw, an' leave Pete dere to come  
some nodder day.

Now Pete he's steek right to hees job, he's  
what you call steadee ;

He never drink, nor smoke cigar ; jus'  
raise beeg familee.

THE MAYOR OF CENTREVILLE.

Soon Pete he have a bank book, an' when  
on de street he go,  
De boys don't call heem Pete no more; it's  
Meester Archambeau.  
Somebody met Batiste back home wan day  
upon de street,  
An' ask him what de news has been latelee  
from brodder Pete.  
Batiste he say de last letter from Pete back  
home he's sent,  
It say dat now in Centreville Pete was de  
President.  
De man say, "President, Batiste? Dere  
sure is some mistake.  
In little town like Centreville no President  
is make."  
Den Batiste shake hees head an' say,  
"Wall, mebbe dat ban so.  
Say, what is call a-a-a lady horse, not horse  
dat's man, you know?"  
"Oh, you mean a mare." "Dat's hit, my  
frien'!" cried Batiste with a will;  
"Dat's de kin' of horse my brodder is.  
He's mayor of Centreville."

## A PARADOX.



A youth was born in lowly life  
Whose daily round was toil and strife.  
He worked his way through college course,  
Then started out, and by sheer force  
Pushed on to Congress, where the laws  
Of State are framed—and all because  
He helped himself.



A second youth, with everything  
That wealth and influence can bring,  
Was dropped from college, would not work,  
Then started in a bank as clerk ;  
Next chapter finds this youth in jail.  
The reason why ? The same old tale,—  
He helped himself.







## WORTHY OF PARADISE.

A poet died, and when at length  
His spirit came to Heaven's gate,  
There stood an angel who would pass  
In judgment o'er his future state.

"What hast thou done?" the angel asked,  
"To claim a place mid the seraphim?"  
"I have refrained," the poet said,  
"From writing a poem with the title 'Jim.'"



## AT TWILIGHT.

When the twilight meets the firelight,  
And their shadows softly blend,  
Then my heart goes out in sadness,  
To the day so near its end.

Like the lives of all us mortals,  
Each day sinks at last to rest,  
While the gathering shadows hover  
Like a bird upon its nest.

Another day beyond recalling,  
Vanished like the clouds o'erhead.  
Gone! Dost thou realize the import  
Of the words? To-day is dead!

'Tis the hour for retrospection,  
O'er the happenings of a day.  
Was it well or idly given,  
Canst thou answer, aye or nay?

AT TWILIGHT.

We are traveling toward the twilight ;  
Like the day now gone to rest,  
Soon we all must find a haven.  
This has been God's great behest.

Ponder well your every action,  
Twilight comes to every one ;  
Be prepared to hear your Father  
Ask you then, "What hast thou done ?"

## THE STUTTERING AUCTIONEER.

I'm nearly c-crazy, almost w-w-wild,  
I've been so s-s-since I was a ch-ch-child ;  
To all things else I h-h-have been b-b-blind,  
I've had j-j-just one th-th-thing on my mind:  
I w-w-want to be an auctioneer.

Th-th-there's something 'bout the way  
h-h-he stands

And pl-pl-pleads and g-g-gestures  
with his h-h-hands.

No m-m-matter what I  
have, I deem

M-m-my g-g-greatest joy,  
my p-p-proudest dream,

T-t-t-to be an auctioneer.



THE STUTTERING AUCTIONEER.

I th-th-thought one day I'd t-t-try my hand;  
So bought some g-g-goods and t-t-took my  
stand

Upon a d-d-dry goods box, and there  
I st-st-started on my way for f-f-fair  
To be an auctioneer.

"G-g-give me an offer," first I said,  
"For this b-b-beautiful walnut f-f-folding  
bed."

T-t-two dollars was its c-c-cost t-to me;  
Why, they r-r-ran it up to t-t-twenty-three.  
Oh, lucky auctioneer!

I th-th-thought 'twas time t-t-to stop them  
there

Or soon I'd be a m-m-millionaire;  
But when to holler, "S-s-sold!" I tried,  
I c-c-couldn't s-s-say it if I d-d-died.

Oh, luckless auctioneer!

THE STUTTERING AUCTIONEER.

Each bidder cl-cl-claimed he'd b-b-bought the  
bed.

"It's g-g-getting too h-hot for me," I said;  
So d-d-down I j-j-jumped, ran to a well,  
L-l-leaped in, and sh-sh-shouted back,  
"F-f-farewell."

Unhappy auctioneer!

If a p-p-policeman hadn't heard me shout  
Wh-wh-when I disappeared, and f-f-fished  
me out,  
All covered with moss and wr-wr-wringing wet,  
I g-g-guess, by gum, I'd b-b-been there yet,  
A half-drowned auctioneer.

I haven't q-quit; oh, no, not me!  
I don't g-g-give up s-s-so easily.  
I trust b-b-before I come to d-d-die  
And go up y-y-yonder in the sky,  
I'll have a ch-ch-chance, s-s-someday, from dawn  
Till night, to cry, "G-g-going! G-g-gone!"  
Then I can say with c-c-conscience cl-cl-clear,  
"I d-d-die a f-f-full-fledged auctioneer."

## THE CHAP WHO'S TRAVELED.

How easy to spot that wonderful man  
To whom the earth is a limited span,  
He's a bore with all the rest of his clan.  
Who? The chap who *thinks* he's traveled.

He abhors what is new in trunks or bags,  
His suit case is plastered completely with  
tags ;  
He's heard all the latest stories and gags.  
Who? This chap who *thinks* he's traveled.



He imagines by using the *blasé* pose,  
If he kicks good and strong wher-  
ever he goes,  
And acts horribly bored, then every  
one knows  
He certainly *must* have traveled.

THE CHAP WHO'S TRAVELED.

Every waiter is "George" in each café,  
He longs to be back on "dear Broadway"  
Where he knows all the stars of every play.  
Who? This chap who *thinks* he's traveled.

To himself he's a regular "man about  
town ;"  
Ten to one he's a bluff and if run down,  
He's a shoe clerk from Yonkers or Tarry-  
town,  
And that's as *far* as *he's* traveled.



## LIVIN' PICTURES AT BERRYVILLE.



'Twas due to Si Rand, of th' Berry-  
ville Band, who first interdooced  
th' craze ;  
It came like a bolt from a summer sky,  
an' left th' town in a daze.  
Th' Band they wanted new uniforms, some  
'at was tailor-made ;  
With these they could git a job at Troy in  
th' Fo'th o' July parade.  
So they started a paper to raise th' funds,  
but found that never'd do ;  
Not a soul outside of th' Band itself would  
contribute a single sou.  
" The critters thet play is th' ones to pay,"  
remarked ol' Beezy Kirk ;  
" Th' folks thet hes to hear their noise,  
they're th' ones thet does th' work ! "

LIVIN' PICTURES AT BERRYVILLE.

So things went on in Berryville till about  
a month ago,  
When Si went deown to Boston town,  
where he saw a Vo-de-ville Show.  
They hed what was called "Livin' Pic-  
tures" there, that made a hit with Si.  
Sez he, "Th' show wan't nothin' great, but  
them pictures took my eye."  
Then Si proposed that Berryville should  
hev some "pictures" too.  
Sez he, "we could take th' profits that we  
make an' buy us them uniforms, new."  
Th' members of th' Band, with a few f'om  
outside, an' some live stock that's tame,  
Could pose fer th' different characters an'  
scenes, inside of a big gilt frame.  
Si sed he knew jes how 'twas done, an' if  
they'd let him hev his way  
He'd give 'em a show thet Berryville 'ud  
remember for many a day.  
Th' scheme was received as th' easiest way  
to raise th' sum desired,  
An' Si was appointed a committee of one  
to git everything required.

LIVIN' PICTURES AT BERRYVILLE.

He sed th' price should be popular, within  
th' reach of all ;  
At twenty-five an' thirty-five they couldn't  
but pack th' hall.  
That night he drew th' plans fer th' frame,—  
'twas to be 'bout twelve foot square,—  
An' he lay awake nearly all night long, fig-  
urin' out what each 'd wear.  
Some biblical scenes mixed in between fer  
th' church-goers, Si allowed,  
Together with groups of worldlier themes,  
would be sure to catch th' crowd.  
So he picked Chub Hurd, who played  
double-bass, an' th' strongest man in  
teown,  
To pose in the role of Samson when he  
tore th' temple deown.  
Th' Bumpstead children, six in all, were  
grouped in a scene called "Spring";  
While Maginnis, only Irishman in  
town, was to do a "Scotchman  
in th' Highland Fling."  
Miss Clementina King, a sweet, sad  
thing, who wrote fer th' village  
press,



LIVIN' PICTURES AT BERRYVILLE.

Was to pose as Longfellow's Evangeline,  
in a milk-white muslin dress.

Si sed this one would be marvelous, a perfect  
pastural scene ;

So he rented a calf, fer a ticket an' a half,  
to pose with Evangeline.

Th' calf was owned by the Widder Hunt,  
an' if she hed ever known

What th' calf would do when it made its  
"day-bu," well, Miss King would have  
posed alone.

Th' masterpiece was "A Day on th' Farm,"  
a reg'lar scene from life,

With some hens an' a goat, flock of sheep  
an' a shoat, were standin' 'round a  
farmer an' his wife.

Well, everything went as smooth as silk  
right up to th' time of th' show ;

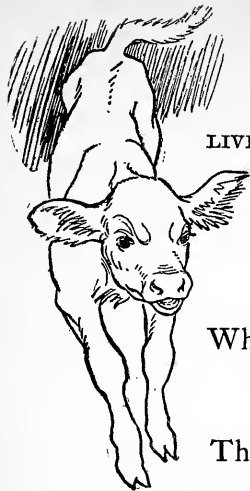
Th' hall was packed, never seen such a  
crowd way deown to th' very front row.

With his hair well iled, Si smirked an'  
smiled, shook hands an' nodded an'  
bowed,

LIVIN' PICTURES AT BERRYVILLE.

Swelled up with pride, an' chuckled inside,  
as hethought of th' profit in th' crowd.  
At th' back of th' stage confusion reigned ;  
the animals blatted an' crowed,  
An' to make things worse in the middle of  
it all, Maginnis arrived with a load.  
Irishman like he wanted to fight an' was  
bound that he would sing ;  
So Si he guessed 'twas altogether best to  
dispense with th' Highland Fling.  
When th' Bumpstead children laid deown  
their wreaths, jes' fore they entered th' frame,  
Th' goat got loose, by slipping of his noose,  
an' proceeded to eat the same.  
This was too much for Si, and with blood  
in his eye he made fer th' goat like a flash ;  
Mr. Goat humped his back, met Silas' attack,  
an' they both came together with a crash.  
Well, 'twas eight fifty-two 'fore they fetched  
Si to, an' they started on picture one.  
Si thought an earthquake  
had struck the stage  
but the excitement  
had only begun.





LIVIN' PICTURES AT BERRYVILLE.

When they got to th' scene of  
Evangeline, Miss King  
turned pale in th' face

When she saw four men seize th' calf  
in its pen, an' drag it out to its  
place ;

There she posed with her pail, while  
th' calf whisked its tail, and wob-  
bled and shook with fear ;

As the curtain was raised, th' calf seemed  
dazed, till it heard the audience cheer ;

Then it let out a blat, knocked Evangeline  
flat, quivered, side-stepped, bellered,  
an' fell

Clean out of th' frame, tippin' over th' same,  
then made fer the crowd pell-mell.

Th' big gilt frame when it downward came  
struck the footlights and smashed  
them on th' floor ;

In the darkness that follered, everybody  
hollered an' made a mad dash fer th'  
door.

When at last all were out, and scurryin'  
about, tryin' to see what damage was  
done,

LIVIN' PICTURES AT BERRYVILLE.

They heard a loud roar, an' out through  
th' door came th' calf, as if shot from  
a gun.

With its tail in th' air, it ran like a hare;  
its course no one dared to retard;

We knew mighty well, if nothin' befell,  
'twould soon be in Widder Hunt's  
yard.

Thus ended th' show of the Berryville  
Band, an' "Si's Livin' Pictures" as  
well.

Whatever became of th' money they made,  
no one's ever been able to tell;

But if you should happen to visit th' town,  
unless you're a marksman of skill,

Be sure an' not mention "Livin' Pictures"  
to one of th' natives of Berryville.

## A LESSON FROM MOTHER GOOSE.

Is there any moral to be found in the rhymes  
of Mother Goose?

There certainly is, and good ones, too, if  
the reader's not obtuse.

For instance, take the one about our old  
friends Jack and Jill,

And their perilous adventure with the  
bucket on the hill.

The moral is that when you go for liquid  
in a pail,

Whether it be of water pure or possibly  
of ale,

Don't take a maiden with you to help you  
bring it back,

Or you may get all tangled up, as did our  
good friend Jack.



A LESSON FROM MOTHER GOOSE.

Then there was that observing miss—I  
mean the one called Muffet,  
She who always ate her meals while seated  
on a tuffet.



The lesson is that when you see  
black spiders in the air,  
It's time you sought a Keeley cure  
and changed your bill of fare.

The moral in the jingling rhymes that tell  
of Little Bo Peep,  
Is never to worry when you miss such  
property as sheep ;  
Your innocent lambs, all nicely shorn, in  
Wall Street you can find,  
And the tales they tell will certainly beat  
the tails they left behind.

A LESSON FROM MOTHER GOOSE.

There's the story of the picman who once  
journeyed to a fair,  
And the nerve of Simple Simon, who  
asked to taste his ware.  
This teaches when a fellow's broke, a fair's  
no place to go ;  
For you can't get pie and other things  
unless you have the dough.

Although her name belied her gifts, old  
Mother Goose well knew  
What she was doing when she wrote such  
lines as Little Boy Blue.  
While blowing his horn she blew her own,  
and now where'er you roam,  
You will find no place without her book's  
worth calling " Home Sweet Home."

## EVERYTHING REMINDS ME SO OF CHICKEN.

Fo' 'bout a month this dahkey has been  
tryin'

To shake his sinful ways and be religious,  
But dere seems to be a hoo-doo round me  
lyin',

My temptations dey have grown to be  
prodig'yus.

Fo' instance, I'se a natch'al taste fo' chicken,  
An' it seems to be my fate where'er I go,  
Even though I may be comin' from prayer  
meetin',

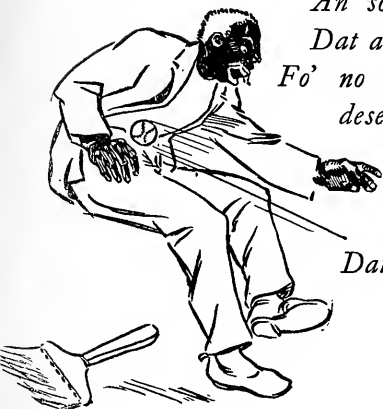
I'm sure to hear some rooster softly crow.

*An' so I makes de claim  
Dat a dabkey ain't to blame  
Fo' dat ol' desire dat's ever to him stickin',  
No matter whah he'll go.  
At least I've found it so,  
Everything reminds me so of chicken.*

EVERYTHING REMINDS ME SO OF CHICKEN.

Dis mornin' while at work a fence white-  
washin',  
Some boys was playin' base-ball 'cross  
de way ;  
De langwidge dat dey used was powerful  
shockin' ;  
'Twas enough to make dis dahkey's hair  
turn gray.  
I started den to give dose boys a lickin' ;  
When dey saw my objeck dey began to  
howl.  
Jus' den dat ball come bang against my  
stomach,  
An' I jus' remember someone yellin'  
" Foul."

*An' so I makes de claim  
Dat a dahkey ain't to blame,  
Fo' no doubt dose boys dey well  
deserved a lickin',—  
But even den I will be  
bound,  
As I lay dah on de ground,  
Dat "Foul" dey hollered made  
me think of cbicken.*



EVERYTHING REMINDS ME SO OF CHICKEN.

Jus' one more instance I am bound to  
mention,

The memory of it fills my soul with  
shame.

I fell asleep in church las' Sunday mornin'.

Since it happened, I have never been  
de same.

'Bout "Angels' wings" de preacher man  
was talkin',

I was dreamin' 'bout a chicken, I've no  
doubt ;

When I heard him mention wings I whis-  
pered softly,

"Don't forget dat hen-house do' when  
you come out."

*An' so I makes de claim*

*Dat a dabkey ain't to blame*

*Fo' dat ol' desire dat's ever to him stickin',*

*No mattab where he'll go.*

*Even at church I found it so,*

*There was something THERE reminding me  
of chicken.*



## HAD I ONLY KNOWN.

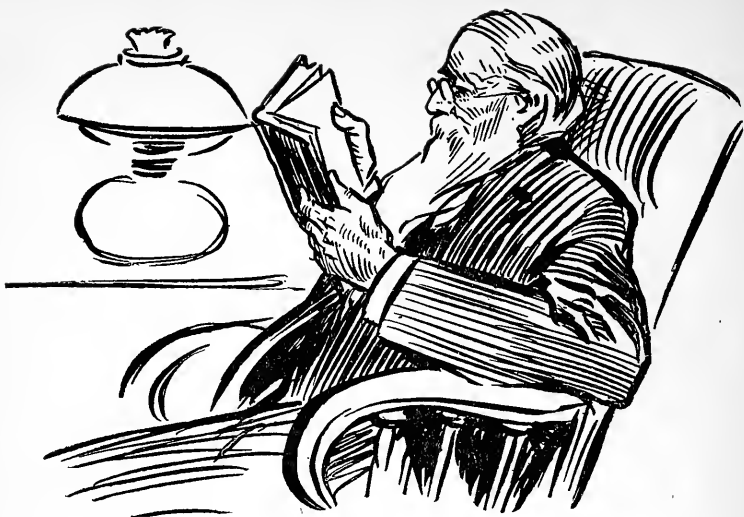
Dear mother, now that thy loving face  
Is gone from its old accustomed place,  
My heart turns back with a dull, sad pain,  
To those days that will ne'er return again.  
And I long for the time of youth once more,  
To hear thy voice as I did of yore,  
Making the burdens of boyhood light  
By the mother-love in each fond good-  
night ;  
And I think of rewards that were thine by  
right,—  
Had I only known.

Brave, patient soul, through all the strife  
And cares that fell to a mother's life,  
Thou gav'st no token of inward grief,  
But bore thy burdens with a firm belief

HAD I ONLY KNOWN.

That we are but creatures of God's command,  
To be moulded as clay in the potter's hand.  
Thy greatest pleasure, thy constant thought,  
To accept His teachings and question naught.  
What lessons to me by thy life were taught,—  
Had I only known.

'Tis hard to think of that fateful day  
When we came to the parting of the way ;  
And though hours of sadness have passed  
since then,  
'Twould be cruel to wish thee back again ;  
For where thou art I know full well  
Thy loving presence will cast its spell,  
And there, dear mother, I long to be,  
Seeking forgiveness on bended knee  
For those duties delayed,—my debt to thee,—  
Had I only known.



## JES' A LINE TO RILEY.

I'm jes' a plain old farmer, an' my occu-  
pashun's such

'T I never went to college, an' I dunno  
overmuch

Abeout the frills an' furbelows of higher  
eddicashun ;

But readin' books for years has been my  
princ'pal recreashun.



JES' A LINE TO RILEY.

Take winter evenin's, when outside the  
ground is white with snow,  
I sit in my old rockin'-chair, by the fireside's  
ruddy glow,  
And foller hist'ry's onward march, from the  
earliest days of men  
Down to the time when incubators did duty  
fer th' hen.

Then I hev my nights when poetry seems  
to soothe my tired old head ;  
It brings a peaceful feelin' when I go up-  
stairs to bed.  
I like the jingle of the rhymes, they lull  
me off ter rest ;  
An' that James Whitcomb Riley is the one  
that suits me best.

JES' A LINE TO RILEY.

His rhymes are so blame satisfyin' they git  
ye from th' first ;  
They're like a draught from some cold  
spring when you're burnin' up with  
thirst.  
Th' feller seems to know jes' how to sorter  
aidge his way  
Right plumb into yer confidence, an' then  
he's there to stay.

If any man can read that one abeout " Old  
Man an' Jim "  
Without th' pathos of it all a-comin' home  
to him,  
If it didn't 'fect him that way, an' he was  
anywhere's near by,  
You bet I'd buy a watch-dog an' hev my  
hens roost high.

Then "The Goblins 'll Git Ye." That's  
so creepy, I'll be blessed,  
The chills went up my ol' spine bone, an'  
I yelled like all possessed.  
I had a feelin' like it once, it made my  
blood congeal ;  
'Twas when wadin' barefoot in the pond  
an' I stepped upon an eel.

Take "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," with its  
wealth of tender rhyme,  
"'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset," an' that  
one "In Swimmin'-Time" ;  
That last was so blame natural I started  
then an' there  
To peel my clothes off—yes, I did!—an'  
dive right off the chair.

JES' A LINE TO RILEY.

Lucindy grabbed me jes' in time or I'd  
surely broke my neck.

You see when once he gits ye they ain't no  
power can check

The flights yer immaginashun takes; it car-  
ries you everywheres.

You can see the hold it got on me, makin'  
spring-boards out o' chairs.

I'm gettin' toward threescore an' ten, an' I  
hain't got long to stay ;

But while I'm spared my eyesight I will  
pass the time away

A-readin' Riley—bless him ! An' God  
grant him many years

Of health, an' wealth, an' happiness, with  
nary cause fer tears.

## MY CHIPS.

(A heart throb from a follower of the great American game,  
after reading Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "My Ships.")

If all the chips I have at sea  
Should happen to return to me,—  
Those stacks of red and blue and white  
That I have blown e'en many a night,—  
Oh, what a joyous time 'twould be  
To see those chips return to me!

If half my chips came back to me,  
You'd see some tall hilarity.  
If ever that pipe-dream came true,  
My wealth would rival any Jew,  
So rich the treasures that would be  
In half my chips now out at sea.



MY CHIPS.

If just one chip I have at sea,  
A blue one, say, should come to me,  
'Twould be most welcome, for I'm broke,  
With all my summer wear in soak.  
A blue one would just set me free  
From ignominious poverty.

O Fate, be kind ! O Fortune, too,  
And send them all, red, white, and blue !  
But if you needs must hold some back,  
Remember, when you sort the stack,  
Just pick one out of bluish hue,  
And send that blue one P. D. Q. !

WHEN MAH LADY  
YAWNS.



When mah Cah'line yawns, ah'm  
    'spicious  
Dat she tinks de time po'pitious  
Fo' me to tu'n mah 'tention to de clock  
    upon de wall.  
Dats de cue to quit mah talkin',  
An' a gentle hint dat walkin'  
Would flicitate de briefness of mah call.

Th' fus' gal that ah coh'ted—  
Ouah ma'idge it was thwated,  
Because ah was so green ah didn' know  
When she yawned it was behoovin'  
Dat dis dahkey should be movin',  
Twell at las' she says, "Fo' Lawd's sake,  
    niggah, go!"

Den ah took mah hat an' stahted,  
An' f'om dat hour we pahted,  
An' ah nevah seen dat cullud gal no mo'.  
But it taught me dis yer lesson  
Dat a yawn am de expression  
Dat invites yo' to be movin' to'ards de do'.

So take dis friendly wah'nin,—  
Should yo' lady-love staht yawnin',  
Although de sudden pah'ting cost yo' pain,  
If she's one you'd like t' marry,  
Aftah one good yawn don' tarry,  
Den yo' sho'ly will be welcome da again.



## THE TOWN OF YAP.

[Dedicated to the members of the Lyceum and  
Dramatic profession who have experienced  
some of the trials and tribulations  
of the one-night stands.]



Have you ever heard of the  
town called Yap?  
It's a place not featured on the  
map,  
Nor will you find its name inside  
The covers of a Railroad Guide.

But if you have toured from Portland,  
Maine,  
Out to the Rocky Mountain Chain,  
And from New Orleans to Calumet,  
This town you never can forget.

THE TOWN OF YAP.

When you strike the station, in the air  
You feel "the frost" that's waiting there  
To seize you in its iced embrace  
The moment that you show your face.

No agent or baggage man in sight  
As you sadly down from the train alight !  
The place may bear another name,  
But this is Yaptown just the same.

A mile of mud to the Farmer's Home—  
Talk of the Klondike or Cape Nome !  
Touring that country would be a snap  
Compared to an evening spent in Yap.

Two dollars per for a room like a cell ;  
You take it or leave it, or go to—well,  
Down goes your name ; what else can you  
do?  
So you take your medicine and give up  
your two.

THE TOWN OF YAP.

When you reach your room you breathe  
a prayer  
That heaven will preserve you while sleeping there ;  
The bed has a mattress as hard as a stone,  
At the thought of rest you inwardly groan.

You gaze at the bed, then turn down the  
sheet,  
Knowing all too well what your eyes will  
meet.  
They are there—the one live thing, by gum !  
In the whole blame town who are glad you  
have come.

When you glance at yourself in the looking-  
glass,  
A horrible change has come to pass ;  
One eye is gone from its usual place,  
While your nose is twisted all over your  
face.

THE TOWN OF YAP.

In the depths of the pitcher lurking there  
You discover a lock of the chambermaid's  
    hair;  
While a fungous growth in the washbowl  
    appears,  
That has been collecting for years and years.

The hotel is bad, but the town hall's  
    worse;  
The fire-engine's stored there, likewise the  
    hearse;  
It's used for court-house, inquests and  
    jail;  
Likewise for hangings, if such should pre-  
    vail.

The worst is to come when you show that  
    night!  
The collection of Yaps is a wonderful  
    sight;  
They smell of horse as they all troop in,  
And whistle and yell for the show to begin.

THE TOWN OF YAP.

When you get to the quietest part of the  
play,  
Down the aisle comes the janitor wending  
his way,  
And proceeds to the stove and dumps the  
grate,  
And rattles in coal at a fearful rate.

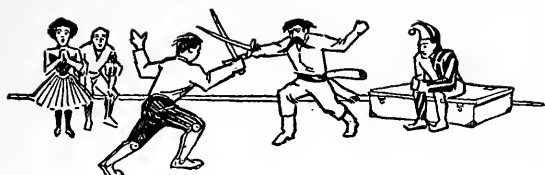
You grind your teeth and rail at fate,  
And cuss the agent who booked the  
date,  
And long for the hour and the train that  
will bear  
You away from Yaptown, no matter where.

You hear such remarks as these of your  
play :  
“ ’Twas too blame solemn,” is what they  
say ;  
“ We hain’t no use, an’ never will stand  
Fer a troupe too poor to carry a band.”

THE TOWN OF YAP.

If I had to sentence a man for a crime,  
He'd never go to prison to work out his  
time,  
Nor swing from a gallows in a hangman's  
cap ;  
He'd get something worse—I'd send him  
to Yap.

If he lived there long his atonement he'd  
win ;  
He couldn't get worse, whatever his sin.  
When he came to die, there is one thing  
sure—  
What he got after Yap would be easy to  
endure.



## MY LADY MARIONETTE.

I will tell you of a troupe, a wooden-headed  
group,  
Of figures who were called "Les Marion-  
ettes."

In the program of the show, on some wires  
to and fro,

They were made to dance the stately  
minuet ;

At the finish of their act, in a box they all  
were packed,

To there remain until the following day,  
But a wired electric light overhanging them  
one night

Broke and from the ceiling chanced to fall  
their way,

Then a bunch of lightning shocks went  
tearing through the box,

MY LADY MARIONETTE.

Which brought to life these manikins of  
wood ;  
Quickly out from their retreat, they came  
scrambling to their feet,  
And there upon the stage each figure stood.  
Then the leading Marionette, on the little  
wood soubrette  
Shot glances at her in a love-lorn way,  
And with wobble-jointed stride, he hobbled  
to her side,  
And standing there amazed she heard him  
say :

*Oh, my Lady Marionette, as we've danced  
the minuet,  
For years I've longed to tell you of the  
feeling  
That has split my heart of wood, so oft  
misunderstood,  
That now no power can stop my love re-  
vealing.  
So come to my arms, my Lady Marionette ;  
May I be turned to sawdust if my love I  
should forget,*



MY LADY MARIONETTE.

*So to signify our pleasure, let us trip a  
stately measure,  
To-night we'll need no wires to dance, my  
Lady Marionette.*

But a witness of the scene comes now to  
intervene,—

None other than the Villain Marionette.  
For him no deed too vile, with his wicked  
leering smile,  
He too would have the little wood  
soubrette.

When he saw the loving pair, he hissed  
and tore his hair,  
And vowed he cut the hero's heart in twain,  
But the latter fearing naught, his blade he  
quickly sought,  
And soon the blows were falling there like  
rain.

All the figures held their breath, watched  
the duel to the death,  
As in and out and round the stage they flew.  
Every thrust the hero made, with his keen  
and trusty blade,

MY LADY MARIONETTE.

From the wooden villain clipped a chip or  
two.  
Till at last reduced to pegs were the villain's  
wooden legs,  
Then followed both his arms, his trunk  
and head.  
As the hero watched him die, said he, "My  
friend, you're one chip shy!"  
Then turning to his lady love he said :

*Oh, my Lady Marionette, as we've danced  
the minuet,  
For years I've longed to tell you of the feeling  
That has split my heart of wood, so oft  
misunderstood,  
That now no power can stop my love re-  
vealing ;  
So come to my arms, my Lady Marionette ;  
May I be turned to sawdust if my love I  
should forget,  
So to signify our pleasure, let us trip a  
stately measure ;  
To-night we'll need no wires to dance, my  
Lady Marionette.*



## CONSTANCY.

Fifty years we have journeyed this life together.

Does it seem that long to you, Asthore,  
Since firsh I came to your father's  
cottage

And shyly knocked at the cabin door?

CONSTANCY.

Me heart shtood shtill whin you bade me  
enter.

No queen could have ruled with more  
grace on a throne,  
As, held there, thransfixed by your royal  
beauty,  
I longed for the hour I could call ye me  
own.

'Twas thin I learned that life widout ye  
Would be robbed of all charm, leave  
nothin' but tears.  
How I guarded meself against such a mis-  
fortune  
Is easily seen by the pasht fifty years.

We have had our full measure of sadness  
an' sorrow.

Whin th' burdens were heavy, we each  
bore our share ;  
But sunshine will ever come forth from th'  
shadow,  
An' throe love will banish th' clouds of  
despair.

CONSTANCY.

Though we've nearly come to th' end of  
our journey,

Let us both shtill continue to cheer with  
a song.

When the hour comes to pass to th' home  
of hereafter,

God grant whin we part it will not be  
for long.



## THE CHEE-TAU-QUAY.

I want to tell yeou 'beout a time we hed  
the other day,  
Me an' all the fam'ly deown to the Chee-  
tau-quay.  
They'd been advertisin' of it, fer sev'ral  
months er more,—  
Posters in the Post Office an' at th' groc'ry  
store ;  
But th' fust real infermation I got about  
the thing  
Was when Jane, my eldest darter, came  
hum from Normal School this spring.  
She couldn't talk 'beout nothin' else; sed  
“ 'Twould be an uplift for us all.”  
I told her we got our “uplift” when the  
cyclun struck las' fall,  
But if 'twas all 'twas advertised an' sech  
an all-fired show,

THE CHEE-TAU-QUAY.

I'd drop my plantin' fer a spell an' fix  
things so's to go.

Well, we got up bright an' airly, hed the  
childern washed an' drest,

Wife put on her new alpacca—I got eout  
my flowered vest.

There wuz me an' Mandy, Jane an' Hi,  
the twins, an' Willum J.

An' 'beout nine o'clock that mornin' we  
struck the Chee-tau-quay.

Ye never see sech crowds er folks, seemed  
like from everywhere,—

Ministers an' schoolmarms, ol' an' young,  
wuz gathered there.

They hed a great big circus tent with a  
rostrum on one side,

An' 'twas here, Jane tol us, that the talunt  
would preside.

Well, 'beout ten o'clock they rung a bell  
an' the band begun to play,

An' folks commenced to crowd the tent,  
mor'n er thousand, I should say.

They played a piece called "Susie's  
March"—'twould lift you off the seat.





THE CHEE-TAU-QUAY.

A preacher jest in front uv me hed ter fairly  
hold his feet.

I felt jest like a two-year-old, seemed like  
I walked on air,

Haint herd sech all-round music sence the  
Red Rock County Fair.

Then four fellers took the rostrum an'  
sung a song abeout ther sea,—

Fer vocal satisfaction, they just suited  
to a T.

They wuz really so extray-fine we hed to  
hev them back,

An' they responded by singin' 'beout a  
"Teacher and a Tack."

Funny? Jeekus-Pokus! It seemed as if  
I'd split,

An' Willum J. jest hollered, we thought  
he'd hev a fit!

Then they hed a Minister's Conference,  
beat any Camp Meetin' on earth,—

Talk abeout yer argifyin', there's where  
yer got yer money's worth.

Every sect wuz ripresented, Baptists an'  
Cammelites,

THE CHEE-TAU-QUAY.

Metherdists an' Lutherans, all clamoring  
for their rights.  
Each hed his own opinion about  
theology,  
Their doctrines wuz diffrent, but on one  
thing they'd agree,—  
To beat the devil reound the stump in the  
good old-fashioned way,  
But that I learnt 'z the object of the Chee-  
tau-quay.  
They hadn't more'n finished 'fore the band  
commenced ter play  
Ter summons folks tergether fer the dis-  
course of ther day.  
We all trooped over to the tent and got a  
good front seat ;  
Somethin' seemed ter tell me we wuz goin'  
ter hev a treat.  
The Quartette sung another song, follered  
by a prayer,  
Then a common-lookin' feller riz up  
slowly from a chair  
An' wuz interdooced as "Sam'l Jones,"  
who would try to find a way

THE CHEE-TAU-QUAY.

Ter occupy ther 'tention with a few things  
he might say.

Wal—talk abeout yeour preachers, boy  
orators and sich,

Why, the way he larruped ev'ry thing, it  
cert'nly wuz rich !

He'd take the Presbyterians and roast them  
to a breown,

And when the Methodists 'ud laff, he'd  
turn right straight areound,

And flail them wuss than t'others. Then  
he'd go fer hypercrits.

He more than trimmed their whiskers and  
fairly give 'em fits.

He'd tell some simple story that 'ud fill  
yer eyes with tears,

Then he'd show yer shortcumings  
with all yer doubts and fears.

The power he hed to poke truths home,  
I tell yer 'twas immense,

And underneath it all there wuz allus such  
good hoss sense.

He kep' it up fer full two hours, when he  
stopped 'twas still as death,—

THE CHEE-TAU-QUAY.

Everybody jest a-starin' and a-holdin' uv  
ther breath.

I've heard some p'litical speeches and some  
sermons in my day,

But he cert'ly beat anything thet ever come  
my way.

Along about dark we started hum, the  
moon a-smilin' deoun,

Seemin' glad to be of service, as we jour-  
neyed frum the town.

We got reound hum beout 'leven er-clock,  
an' I've got this much ter say :—

That fer satisfaction guaranteed—give me  
the Chee-tau-quay.

## DISCONTENT.

In a shady nook by a babbling brook  
Which ran through the heart of a wood,  
A lily fair with queenly air  
Like a lonely sentinel stood.

And a friendship grew between the  
two,  
The brook and the lily fair,  
And every look of the tinkling brook  
Told of a passion rare.

And all day long the brook's glad  
song  
Echoed the woodland through,  
And it told such a tale of hill and dale,  
That the lily restless grew.



DISCONTENT.

Till it said with a sigh, " Oh ! would that I  
Might have the power to flee  
Away from the wood and its solitude,  
And go down with the brook to the sea.

" Why should I live and my fragrance give  
To a spot so cheerless and dark ?  
There is nothing here to bring me cheer  
And I long to be free like the lark."

Then the little brook wore a troubled look,  
And its song seemed sad all day ;  
As the lily sighed the brook replied,  
" You know not what you say !"

" Should you ever roam from this wood-  
land home,  
You would find that the world out there  
Is filled with grief and unbelief,  
And that honest hearts are rare.

DISCONTENT.

“ But here in the wood one feels the good  
That follows a life that is pure;  
God sends from above his tokens of love  
That we may live and endure.”

But each kind word only deeper stirred  
The desire in the lily fair  
To be off and away to an endless day  
Where beauty was everywhere.

How little is known of the seeds that are  
sown  
By the demon Discontent !  
Like a poisoned dart, they enter the heart  
Until it is torn and rent.

There came a day when the song so gay  
Of the brook was hushed and low,  
For the lily at last its spell had cast  
O'er the brook that had loved it so.



DISCONTENT.

When the morning light pushed back the  
    night  
And the sun rose out of the East,  
The lily found that the cheering sound  
Of the little brook had ceased.

Then the lily knew what is all too true,  
That Discontent in the heart,  
If left to thrive, will surely drive  
The dearest of friends apart.

As twilight fell o'er the woody dell,  
Gone was the brook from its bed ;  
While drooping there so white and fair,  
By its side lay the lily dead.



NO MAN WAS EVER KNOWN  
TO 'ANG FOR WOT 'E  
DIDN'T SOY.

I 'ad a pal some years ago, 'is name was  
'Enry Ide ;  
It must 'ave been near twenty years since  
'Enry hup and died ;  
If ever 'e got in a scrape 'e wouldn't soy  
a word—  
'E'd shut hup like a hoyster—not a seound  
from 'im was 'eard.

NO MAN WAS EVER KNOWN TO 'ANG  
FOR WOT 'E DIDN'T SOY.

The other cove might storm areound an'  
blow 'im hinside eout,  
But 'Enry seemed all hinnercent of wot  
'twas all abeout—  
Then afterward 'e'd drop 'is heye in a  
knowin' sort o' woy,  
A smile would steal across 'is face an' then  
you'd 'ear 'im soy :

*Hit's never well to talk too much; you'll  
find that hif you do,  
You'll 'ave a 'eap o' trouble a-pilin' on to  
you;  
Hits better far to 'old your tongue, look  
hinnercent and shoy—  
No man was ever known to 'ang for wot  
'e didn't soy.*

Now Ide 'e howned a parrot once, a sacri-  
legious bird,  
Hits language hit was horful, quite the  
worst I ever 'eard ;  
One day hit sat upon the stoop when a  
stray dog passed hits cage—

NO MAN WAS EVER KNOWN TO 'ANG  
FOR WOT 'E DIDN'T SOY.

At sight of this poor 'omeless cur, Poll  
flew into a rage.  
She yelled an' squawked an' called the dog  
a most hoffensive name ;  
The dog then made a dash at Poll—'e  
surely wan't to blame.  
'E chewed Poll's tail hoff, bit 'er wings, an'  
left 'er there 'alf dead ;  
Just then Ide came hupon the scene an'  
this to Polly said :

*Hit's never well to talk too much; you'll  
find that bif you do,  
You'll 'ave a 'eap o' trouble a-pilin' on to  
you ;  
Hit's better far to 'old your tongue, look  
hinnercent an' shoy—  
No man was ever known to 'ang for wot  
'e didn't soy.*

One night Ide got a bit too much while  
dining with some friends,—  
Good liquor an' good fellowship to a flow  
of reason tends ;

NO MAN WAS EVER KNOWN TO 'ANG  
FOR WOT 'E DIDN'T SOY.

Ide's tongue at last was loosened, an' when  
'e reached 'is 'ouse

At midnight 'e was greeted by 'is fond and  
loving spouse.

'E started then to rail at 'er an' tell 'er wot  
'e thought

Habout th' duties hof a woife,—'twas  
pleasure dearly bought;

She grabbed poor Ide, an' cuffed  
'is ears, then threw 'im on  
the floor,

An' standing there she softly  
spoke these words 'ed 'eard  
before;



*Hit's never well to talk too much; you'll  
find that hif you do,*

*You'll 'ave a 'eap o' trouble a-pilin' on to  
you.*

*Hit's better far to 'old your tongue, look  
hinnercent an' shoy—*

*No man was ever known to 'ang for wot  
'e didn't soy.*



### THE LAST STRAW.

His name is Litzschaikowtzski,—  
Whene'er he telephones,  
He wishes good kind Providence  
Had christened him plain Jones.

For when a voice says, "Name, please?"  
And he does his best to tell it—  
The limit surely has been reached  
When echo answers, "Spell it!"

## THE COLORED LOCHINVAR.



A coon named Ephrum Bascom  
loved a Miss Amelia Barr.  
One night she told him 'bout th' ride of  
gay young Lochinvar;  
She filled Eph's head with romance 'bout  
knights of high degree,  
Of barons bold, an' ladies fair, an' deeds  
of chivalry.  
Next day Eph stole an ol' gray mule, then  
made a suit of tin;  
An' like those knights he'd heard about  
rode forth his bride to win.  
He galloped to Amelia's house, an' as she  
lay in bed  
She heard Eph's voice out in the road,  
an' this is what he said:

THE COLORED LOCHINVAR.

*O Miss Amelia, I've come to steal yeh,  
An' take yo' way from heah I don't care  
whar.*

*Come be my blushin' bride, an' dis milk  
white steed we'll ride,  
So come out an' join yo' colored Lochinvar.*

The noise awoke Amelia's dad, an' think-  
ing that some thief

Was prowling 'round, he grabbed his gun  
and started after Eph.

Through the window pane he thrust the  
gun, then fired at Ephrum's head.

Th' shot went low an' the old gray mule  
received th' charge instead.

Fo' a minute all was still as death, then  
waiting fo' no' mo'

Th' mule let out an awful wail an' down  
th' road he toah.

Amelia called out, "Lochinvar, oh, come  
back to youah bride,"

But Eph had othah business, an thus to  
her replied :



THE COLORED LOCHINVAR.

*O Miss Amelia, I got to leave you,  
I'm gwine to let you stay jes whah yo' are;  
Don't talk no mo' to me 'bout dem knights  
an' chivalry,  
Yo' can get some othah coon fo' Lochinvar.*



## A DEPARTMENT STORE DITTY.

Oh, how well do I remember !  
'Twas a warm day in September  
That I foolishly went shopping  
    With my wife, a two months' bride.  
As o'er the trip I ponder,  
I vow ne'er again to wander  
Into one of those department-stores,  
    No matter who my guide.

She carefully approached me,  
And she wheedled and she coaxed me  
To go along and help select  
    A pattern for a dress.  
Little did I think on starting  
Of how near we'd come to parting  
Before we ended up that trip  
    Of sorrow and distress.

A DEPARTMENT STORE DITTY.

It was "Bargain Day," she told me,  
As the store we entered boldly ;  
I thought there was a riot

When we got inside the door.  
There were females of all ages,  
Some who ought to be in cages ;  
For they fought like wild hyenas  
Rushing madly through the store.

My heart was palpitating,  
And my eyes with fear dilating,  
As I gazed in terror at the scene  
Which now before us passed.  
Like a storm upon the ocean  
Was this terrible commotion,  
And something seemed to tell me  
That this moment was our last.

Into this vortex whirling,  
With my coat-tails round me curling,  
We plunged together, vowing  
That we'd get that dress or die.

A DEPARTMENT STORE DITTY.

But what a foolish notion !  
When we struck that whirlpool  
    motion  
We were rudely torn asunder,  
    With no chance to say " Good-  
    bye !"

A big fat woman grasped me,  
And in her arms she clasped me,  
Then straightened back and threw  
    me

    Some twenty feet or more.  
I felt a sudden crashing,  
Through a skylight I went dashing,  
And when I gained my senses  
    I was on the basement floor.

Here were clothes-pins, tubs and blueing,  
Washboards, mops, and pans for stewing,  
And stacks of kitchen furniture  
    Where'er my eyes would roam.



A DEPARTMENT STORE DITTY.

I had no time to tarry,  
But ran like "the old Harry,"  
And up the stairs I made a dash  
For "Home, Sweet Home."

But when I gained the landing  
I found a bluecoat standing ;  
My crazy-like appearance  
Was suspicious, I've no doubt ;  
Then he set my blood congealing  
As he roared, "So ! you've been stealing.  
We've been watching you for weeks,  
young man,  
And now we've found you out."

Then toward the street we started,  
But soon we too got parted.  
Some females formed a flying wedge,  
And away went Mr. Cop.  
I offered no objection  
To his seeming disaffection,  
But 'round I went, gyrating ;  
I couldn't seem to stop.

A DEPARTMENT STORE DITTY.

I heard a shrill voice calling ;  
“ Cash !” on the air was falling ;  
And knowing that my wife would be  
Wherever *that* was found,  
For this spot I now went tearing,  
For my safety little caring,  
If I could only reach the place  
And find her safe and sound.



There I saw her calmly standing,  
While to her a clerk was handing  
A measly little bundle ;  
'Twas the cause of all my woe.  
Then turning she smiled sweetly,  
And stepping up to greet me,  
Said, “ Oh, here you are, my darling,  
Are you ready now to go ?”

That she was sane I doubted.  
“ Ready ?” I loudly shouted,  
“ Well, you can bet I'm ready.”  
Then I grasped her by the wrist.

A DEPARTMENT STORE DITTY.

“ In the future when you’re dropping  
Into this mad-house shopping,  
Please remember it’s my busy day  
And scratch me off your list.”

Now before I’m disappearing,  
To all married men in hearing  
I have a word of warning,  
And perhaps ’t will save your life.  
Get a football suit well padded,  
Have a course in wrestling added ;  
For you certainly will need them  
If you’re shopping with your wife.





## THE DESERTED FARM.

By an old, deserted farm I chanced to pass  
to-day,  
With its battered windows, sunken roof,  
and clapboards warped and gray.  
And looking through the open door at  
rooms now cold and bleak,  
I thought of all that it might tell if it could  
only speak ;  
Of the joy it gave the loving pair who  
first came years ago,  
And called it home and sat beside the fire-  
side's ruddy glow.  
While winter storms beat loud against the  
frosty window-pane,  
No matter what the world outside, here  
peace within would reign.

THE DESERTED FARM.

I felt the kitchen's genial warmth, with  
pans like burnished steel,  
And heard the steady droning of the good  
wife's spinning wheel.  
I saw the evening shadows on the wall flit  
to and fro,  
The rafters hung with ears of corn and  
peppers in a row ;  
Then Christmas-time and the relatives who  
gathered once a year  
Around the board weighed down with all  
its wealth of homely cheer.  
The table cleared, then came the strife  
beneath the mistletoe  
To gain the kiss that caused the blush on  
maiden cheek to glow.

The seasons change, the years roll on, the  
tenants come and go ;  
Each has his cup of pleasure, and each his  
share of woe.  
First comes the happy wedding ; then  
death turns joy to tears ;

THE DESERTED FARM.

Thus follows each successive scene that  
marks the passing years.

How like the tenants of the past :—naught  
now remains to tell

Of all its former glory but the old deserted  
shell.

Its mouldering form will soon return to  
dust from whence it came ;

Then all that's left to mark the spot is  
the memory of its name.

*With weather-beaten visage this old  
deserted farm*

*Brings back the days of long ago, with  
all their added charm*

*To those who revel in the past and by-  
gone memories seek,*

*Oh, what a story it might tell, if it could  
only speak.*



## A BOY'S COMPLAINT.

My Ma spends nearly all the  
time

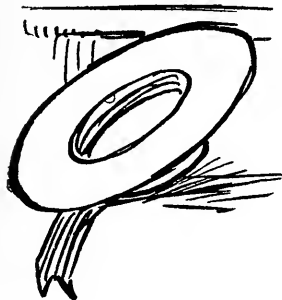
A-findin fault with me ;  
Ses my manners are jes'  
shockin'

An' mos' scanalous to see.

An' every time that comp'ny  
comes

I drive her nearly wild ;  
She says that folks 'll surely  
say

I am a spoiled child.



I never do a single thing  
That seems to her jes' right ;  
An' it's "Henry, don't!" and  
"Henry, sh-h,"  
From mornin' until night.

A BOY'S COMPLAINT.

I'm gettin purty sick of it,  
An' if I aint let be,  
I'll take my bank an' empty it  
An' run away to sea.

Because I use my knife fer pie,  
Ma thinks it is a sin ;  
The last time that I used a fork  
I jabbed it in my chin.

It's perfectly disgustin',  
These rules they make fer boys ;  
W'y don't folks mind their business  
An' quit harpin' 'bout "*our noise*?"

Boys is like the animals,  
They like to feel they're free  
To romp around and shake theirselves,  
An' see what they can see.

And if they wants to bite their nails,  
Er cross their legs, er dance,  
Why not let 'em do it,  
Even if they tear their pants?

A BOY'S COMPLAINT.

I'm jest a-longin' fer the time  
When I'll be big like Pa,  
And shave myself and stay out nights,  
An' answer back to Ma.

If ever that time comes, you bet,  
I'll be dignified, an' say,  
"Too much manners is bad fer boys,  
An' now you're gettin' your pay."



## OCTOBER.

The foliage now is slowly turning,  
Shifting its summer cloak of green  
To one surpassing royal splendor,  
The gift of Autumn to woodland scene.

The hilltops, one vast blaze of glory,  
Seen decked in holiday attire,  
Tinging the sky with a color vivid  
As light that glows from some forest fire.

The voices of Nature's myriad children  
In plaintive key on our senses fall,  
Hinting of days when the warmth of  
Autumn  
Will be chilled by Winter's snow-white  
pall.

We thus are brought to an understanding  
Of the perfectness of the Master's plan—  
To make of nature a mighty canvas,  
The paintings thereon His gift to man.



## GOOD EVENIN' MISTAH MOON?

When Enoch Thompson hummed a bar  
of "Sweet By-and-By"  
You knew a truck-patch soon would be a  
water-milyun shy,  
An' one patch in pa'ticular was his supreme  
delight,  
An' to this spot he wandered on a dark  
an' cloudy night.  
Beneath the fence he crawled with care, an'  
there upon his knees  
A big round juicy milyun he was just  
about to seize,  
When sudden from behind a cloud the  
moon burst forth and shed  
Its light on Enoch, who looked up and  
sheepishly then said :



GOOD EVENIN', MISTAH MOON.

*Why good evenin', Mistah Moon, I say  
good evenin',*

*Ahn't you 'pearin' rather soon 'round  
heah dis evenin'?*

*Ise some special work to do, an' de less  
I see of you*

*I'd appreciate exceedingly dis evenin'.*

*So good evenin', Mistah Moon, I say  
good evenin',*

*You're appearin' much too soon 'round  
heah dis evenin'.*

*I don't like yo' company, it's obnoxious  
like to me,*

*So good evenin', Mistah Moon, I say  
good evenin'.*

Now Enoch loved a dusky maid, Cadosia  
Green by name,

One look from her was quite enough to  
set his heart aflame;

But old man Green had vowed he would  
fill Enoch full of shot,

If he caught him with Cadosia he would  
shoot him on the spot.

GOOD EVENIN', MISTAH MOON.

From a party Enoch had returned with  
her one evening late,  
And sheltered by the darkness they stood  
cooing by the gate.  
'Twas Enoch's chance to claim a kiss ;  
" Yum-Yum " he might have said,  
But alas ! jus' then the moon burst forth  
an' this was heard instead :

*Why good evenin', Mistah Moon, I say  
good evenin',*

*Abn't you 'pearin' rather soon 'round  
beab dis evenin' ?*

*Ise some special work to do, an' de less  
I see of you*

*I'd appreciate exceedingly dis evenin'.*

*So good evenin', Mistah Moon, I say  
good evenin',*

*You're appearin' much too soon round  
beab dis evenin'.*

*I don't like yo' company, it's obnoxious  
like to me,*

*So good evenin', Mistah Moon, I say,  
good evenin'.*

## CALAMITY BROWN.

Talk about misfortune! there  
was a feller in our town,  
His name was Roscoe Ebenezer  
Adoniram Brown,  
It started when he got that name,  
and from that very day  
He kep a-hevin' accidents, an'  
sickness came his way.



Before he reached the age of two he'd hed  
the whoopin'-cough,  
Measles, croup an' chilblains, an' blown a  
finger off.  
His afflictions were so numerous that he  
got a wide renown,  
An' folks would always speak of him as  
ol' Calamity Brown.

CALAMITY BROWN.

He'd hed the rheumatism, warts, scurvy  
an' the gout ;  
Also hed all kinds of cramps (they turned  
him inside out),  
Appendicitis, wakeful nights, an' bunions  
on his feet,  
Dyspepsia, rash an' rickets, salt-rheum an'  
prickly heat.

He'd been run over by the cars, been bitten  
by a snake,  
Captured by the Indians who tried to burn  
him at the stake.  
Struck by lightning, broke a leg falling  
from a tree,  
Nearly drowned while bathing, an' got  
water on the knee.

In spite of these afflictions, which brought  
so many stings,  
Brown's trouble took another course ; it  
began by losin' things.

CALAMITY BROWN.

At first he lost his pocket-book, followed  
by his cane,  
Next he lost a bunch of keys, and then his  
watch and chain ;

Then he lost his favorite horse, together  
with his cow ;  
A cyclone took his flock of hens, a stone  
drag and a plow.  
One day he tried to blast some rocks from  
off a neighbor's farm ;  
The thing went prematurely off an' he lost  
a leg an' arm.

The blast took hair an' eyebrows, also took  
his sight ;  
This caused a loss of memory, his nerve  
an' appetite.  
Brown had a tragic ending ; as he lay one  
day in bed  
He thought of all he had endured, and  
then he lost his head.



### LITTLE DAN CUPID.

Have you heard of that fly little, sly little man, Dan Cupid by name, or diminutive Dan?

A marksman and hunter whose one aim in life, is to change youth and maid into husband and wife.

With a quiver of arrows and a cute little bow, a heart is the target he always lays low.

LITTLE DAN CUPID.

So if marriage is hateful and distasteful the  
plan, watch out for the darts of  
diminutive Dan.

My, eye! What a smart little man  
Is the party we know as diminutive Dan.

*Dan, Dan, Dan. Always hunting a  
maid or a man.*

*In all kinds of weather, to bring them  
together he tries just as hard as  
he can.*

*So beware of this fly little fellow, with  
the skrewd matrimonial plan.*

*I bet you he'd get YOU, if ever he met  
you, this fly little, sly little man.*

Now a bachelor once said he'd heard  
quite enough of the conquests of  
Cupid, 'twas rubbish and stuff.  
Then he challenged Dan's prowess, called  
marriage a joke, said he never would  
place his neck under the yoke.

Quickly Dan spied a spinster, and then  
like a flash, shot a dart through her  
heart and this bachelor rash.

When they married, Dan's gift was a  
*lemonade* set, with these words, "To  
the groom. Lest you ever forget."

My, eye What a bright little man.

When there's wooing a-brewing, then  
watch out for Dan.

*Dan, Dan, Dan. Always hunting a  
maid or a man.*

*In all kinds of weather, to bring them  
together he tries just as hard as  
he can.*

*So beware of this fly little fellow, with  
the shrewd matrimonial plan.*

*I bet you he'd get YOU, if ever he met  
you, this fly little, sly little man.*



## “CR. AND DR.”

There are three little letters in the alphabet  
Which in two different groups are frequently met ;  
One is an r, and preceded by D  
Tells a very different tale than when following C.

Of this same little story these two groups  
tell,  
One smacks of heaven, while the other is  
—well,  
You share my opinion, I am positive you  
do,  
If ever you have dallied with an I. O. U.

“CR. AND DR.”

When Dr. at the end of your name takes  
place,  
Trouble starts brewing at a very rapid pace;  
But oh, what a difference in life's great game  
When Cr. occurs at the end of your name!

Now, friend, should you wish to keep your  
stock above par,  
Be careful which letter precedes the r,  
Do the best that you can to always make C  
Join forces with r instead of with D.

## A KEEPSAKE.

The night was still, and peeping through  
the treetops

The harvest moon hung radiant in the  
sky,

Revealing by its light two lovers sighing  
And living o'er again the days gone by.  
She turns at length, and, trembling with  
emotion,

Her voice betraying feelings deeply  
stirred,

She hands to him a something in the moon-  
light

And this is what the night wind over-  
heard:

*Take this little token as a keepsake,  
Treasure it in memory's wreath, I beg ;  
It's just a little leaf of birdseye maple,  
A leaf that grew on father's wooden leg.*



He took the little leaf with fear and trembling,

For well did he remember how he had  
Been kicked clean from the porch oft in  
the darkness

And chased by her old wooden-legged  
dad.

Once more he felt its imprint of affection  
That caused him to remain ten days in  
bed,

And recollecting all that leg had cost him,  
He crushed the leaf within his hand and  
said :

*I'll take this little token, but hereafter  
In my nightly prayers there's one thing  
I will beg,  
That no sign of life in him will sprout to  
haunt me  
As this leaf that grew upon his wooden  
leg.*



## HAY FEVER.

Hay fever's reound agin—  
Feel it in the air,  
Woods are full of victims,  
Sneezin' everywhere.

Gits areound as reg'lar  
As Fo'th o' July;  
Ain't no way o' stoppin' it,  
Don't care heow you try.

Smellin' salts an' atomizers  
Ain't worth a sou;  
When yeou git th' ginooine  
It's all off with veou.

See the poor afflicted,—  
Ev'ry little breeze  
Makes 'em draw a long breath,  
Then sneeze, an' sneeze, an' sneeze.

HAY FEVER.

Ef yeou want a riot  
An' be buried neath th' sod,  
Jes' catch a few hay feverites  
An' shake some golden-rod.

Out 'll come th' handkerchiefs,  
Tears 'll start to flow ;  
Then you'll hear a version  
Of "Blow, Bugle, Blow!"

Never was but one cure,  
So I've heard it said;  
Feller bought a shot-gun  
An' then blew off his head.

OH, WOE IS ME.

My wife she bought a cook-  
book called "The Young  
Housekeeper's Guide,"

All sorts of culinary feats  
were chronicled inside.

She read the book, then hied  
herself into a hardware  
store

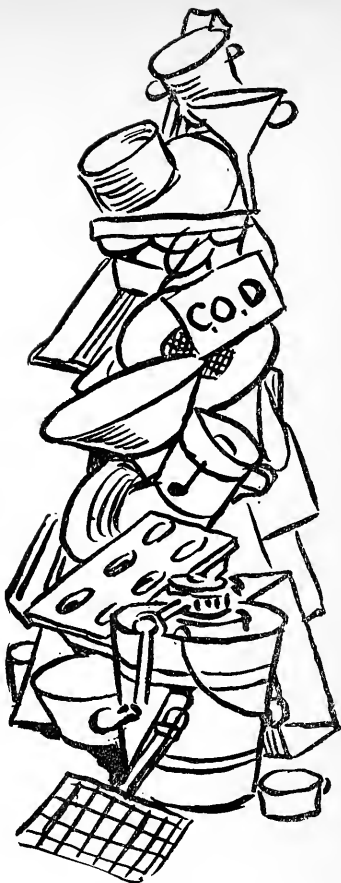
And bought a stock of bak-  
ing tins, some fifty kinds  
or more.

There were strainers, drain-  
ers, roasters, toasters, with  
now and then a few

Lemon squeezers, ice-cream freezers, forks  
and funnels, too.

Imagine when I saw this pile, the awful  
shock to me,

But what was worse the bill with them was  
labeled C. O. D.



OH, WOE IS ME.

*Sing woe to me, not ho to me, for it's woe to  
me inside*

*Ever since my wife she bought that "Young  
Housekeeper's Guide."*

*I've read about the awful things a rarebit  
fiend will see,*

*But when it comes to nightmares caused by  
food, he's an amateur to me.*

That very day she started in to try her  
first receipt ;

She said 't would be raised biscuits and  
they'd be, "oh, such a treat !"

I found that was their proper name—they  
raised things, that 's no lie.

They came near raising me all right to  
"mansions in the sky."

I next ate what the book described  
"broiled English sparrow's wing."

I felt so English that for hours I cried  
"Long live the King !"

She followed this with "layer cake,"—how  
I suffered eating that !

For those layers laid for me all right, and  
then they laid me flat.



*Sing woe to me, not ho to me, for it's woe to  
me inside*

*Ever since my wife she bought that "Young  
Housekeeper's Guide."*

*I've read about the awful things a rarebit  
fiend will see,*

*But when it comes to nightmares caused by  
food, he's an amateur to me.*

A receipt she called "shrimp wiggle" was  
a dish I'll ne'er forget.

That shrimp it started wiggling, and, by  
Jove, it 's wiggling yet.

Next came some rolls called Parker House,  
and if Parker could but see

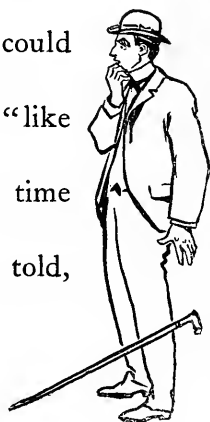
The torture his receipt produced, I know  
he'd pity me.

After I had eaten all of them that she could  
bake,

She asked me if I thought they were "like  
Mother used to make."

I stammered "Yes!" and since that time  
that lie I can't forget,

For though that lie was long since told,  
those rolls lie in here yet.



OH, WOE IS ME.

*Sing woe to me, not ho to me, for it's woe to  
me inside*

*Ever since my wife she bought that "Young  
Housekeeper's Guide."*

*I've read about the awful things a rarebit  
fiend will see,*

*But when it comes to nightmares caused by  
food, he's an amateur to me.*

## BEFORE AND AFTER.

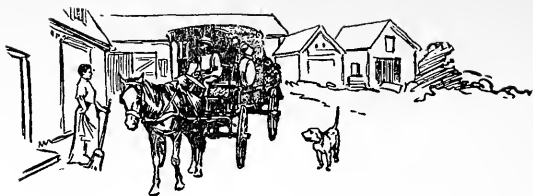
### BEFORE.

We'd been engaged for just a week,  
And now that we must part,  
The thought of it was maddening,  
And it nearly broke my heart.  
As I waved her adieus from the steamer  
She answered back from the pier,  
And I murmured softly to myself,  
"My, but isn't she dear!"

### AFTER.

A year has passed of married life,—  
I received a note to-day  
Written in Wifey's well-known hand,  
"Send me fifty right away!"  
I thought of all she had cost me  
During that one brief year,  
And then I murmured softly,  
"My, but isn't she dear"!





## THE TIN PEDDLER.

What now has become of the Yankee tin  
peddler?

Gone is this dickering tradesman of yore;  
With rag-bag and steelyards this bartering  
meddler

Has made his last trip through the old  
kitchen door.

Perched high on his seat, a foe to bad  
weather;

When a storm hovered near he pulled  
in at the gate.

Said, "Dampness and tinware don't mix  
well together.

"Why, Grandma, good mawnin!" and  
"How-de-do, Kate!"

No five-and ten-cent stores, no bargain-day  
rushes,  
No trading-stamp nonsense were known  
in his day ;  
His traveling storehouse of pans, pails and  
brushes  
Has fulfilled its mission and now passed  
away.

'Twas "Good mawnin', Mis' Ketcham."  
"Why, how-de-do, Aner,  
I've been lookin' for you nigh on to a  
week,  
I can't get a drop through that pesky old  
strainer,  
And the pan you last sold me 's done  
nothin' but leak."

"Why, Lawdy, Mis' Ketcham, I meant to  
hev told ye  
My tinware's reversible, new patent plan ;  
If ye couldn't strain stuff through the  
strainer I sold ye,  
Why all ye need do is to jes' use th' pan."

THE TIN PEDDLER.

His wit, like his visage, as sharp as a briar,  
Brought cheer and good-nature with  
never a pain.

Oh, would that to-night you were here by  
our fireside

To regale us with story and laughter  
again.

So a toast to you, peddler; in memory we  
treasure

Your good-natured face, with the old  
tin-cart too;

We'll drink it in cider with equal good  
measure

That was ever forthcoming when trading  
with you.



## THE MUMMY AND THE DUMMY.

All the world's a stage, says Shakespeare,  
we the actors, life the play,  
And the tabloid one I'll mention, it  
occurred the other day.  
The principals a Mummy from an old  
Egyptian tomb,  
And a lady tailor's dummy. Scene: a  
musty auction room.  
For weeks stored in a corner, he had noted  
all her charms,  
And his mummy love seemed striving to  
enfold her in his arms.  
One evening in the darkness like an echo  
from the dead,  
His pent-up feelings burst all bounds, and  
this is what he said :

THE MUMMY AND THE DUMMY.

*Oh, I love you, Mistress Dummy, and  
when curios get chummy,  
A wedding is the sequel written in the  
book of Fate,  
And although I'm antiquated, still I'm  
sure if WE were mated,  
Such a very novel union would be strictly  
up-to-date.*



But, alas, as often happens to a fond and  
loving pair,  
The plans the two had cherished proved  
but castles in the air.  
To a museum on the morrow in a box all  
packed with hay,  
Mr. Mummy from his Dummy he was  
rudely shipped away.  
While the latter, once so happy, now the  
saddest of her race,  
Is posing in a window somewhere down  
near Hayward Place.



And when twilight shadows hover round  
her form at close of day,  
Tears roll down her waxen features and  
she seems to hear him say :

*Oh, I love you, Mistress Dummy, and  
though far away, your Mummy  
Is sighing for his sweetheart with a  
passion ever true ;  
And though rudely separated, rest assured  
until we're mated,  
I shall always keep a corner in my  
mummy heart for you.*



Now the sequel of our story:—in his  
museum home one day  
Mr. Mummy's trust was shattered in a  
most unseemly way.  
For a pair of wax-work figures on a bench  
across the aisle  
Were placed where all could see them as  
they wooed true lover style.

THE MUMMY AND THE DUMMY.

Imagine what his feelings when the maiden  
of the pair  
Was seen to be none other than the tailor's  
dummy fair.  
Then his heart with grief seemed bursting  
and his breast with anger stirred  
As he framed and hissed this message  
which the fickle dummy heard :

*Oh, I loved you, Mistress Dummy, but  
hereafter when a mummy  
Is fool enough to let some tailor's dummy  
turn his head,  
I hope dynamite will blow him where his  
mother wouldn't know him,  
For useless is the mummy who can't real-  
ize he's dead.*



## A QUESTION OF AUTHORITY.

Hol' on dah a minute, Mistah Preachah  
Man;

Wha's dat ah un'erstan' yo' to say—  
Dat ah mus' agree to love an' 'onah dis  
man,  
An' likewise promise ah'll obey?

No, sah! Don' yo' count on mah makin'  
dat mistake,  
It's one ah's made too many times befo'.  
Eve'y time ah's been mar'ied ah's 'lowed  
dat ve'y point,  
But ah nevah means to do it any mo'.

De idea! Obeying dis yeah jaundiced  
coh'loed coon,  
De suggestion am a insult to mah sex.  
Why de fact of mah 'greein' to honah such  
as him  
Lays me liable to p'rjury, ah specks.

Yo' men yo' seem to think dat yo' owners  
ob de earf,  
So't o' monarchs obah all dat yo' survey.  
If dis narrah-chested dahkey's goin' to take  
me fo' his wife,  
Dah'll be changes in dis mattah of obey.

So Mistah Pahson, ah desiah yo' to 'radi-  
cate dat wohd  
Dat has allus been so 'noxious like to me,  
An' take notice what ah'm saying, if dis  
knot am fihmly tied,  
Ah'm de one dat yo' can look to fo' de  
fee.



## PEOPLE ARE SO DIFFERENT.

The people are so different in this gruff  
old world of ours,  
Some gather naught but rankest weeds,  
while others seek the flowers.  
Our tastes are such that of two roads one  
person seeks the right,  
The other takes the crooked path, as dark-  
ness shuns the light.

So when a man comes 'long whose views  
are not like yours or mine,  
Don't treat him like a criminal or some  
base libertine ;  
Be generous to your neighbor, God's gifts  
are rare, 'tis true,  
Just think how others have been robbed  
to shower them *all on you*.



## PLAY BALL, BILL.

'Twas at a baseball game one day,  
Where I was passing an hour away,  
I chanced to hear some wisdom rare,  
The last thing I had looked for there.  
'Twas from the catcher, a wise old fox  
Who was coaching a youngster in the box  
Who badly needed a kindly word,  
And these are the ones I overheard.

*Get 'em over the plate, Bill, play ball for fair !  
Keep your feet on the ground, boy! Don't go  
up in the air !*

*Many a race has been landed, when it looked  
in doubt,*

*No game is lost, Bill, till the last man's out.*

PLAY BALL, BILL.

Could Solomon wise, in word or deed,  
Give better advice to a friend in need?  
And oftentimes in Life's great game,  
When trouble and worry around me came,  
I thought of the catcher, and once more  
heard

The voice of cheer and the helpful word,  
And they served a mission and smoothed  
my way,  
As they helped his pal in the box that day.

*Get'em over the plate, Bill! Play ball for fair!  
Keep your feet on the ground, boy! Don't go  
up in the air!*

*Many a race has been landed, when it looked  
in doubt,  
No game is lost, Bill, till the last man's out.*





## STORIES.

Since the days of Father Adam down to  
the present time,  
We've had the story-teller in every race  
and clime.

Take David, for example, who caused  
Goliath's fall,  
And with his harp and well-told tales sub-  
dued old mad King Saul.

Then came the wandering minstrel, along  
the King's highway,  
Who lightened many an aching heart with  
song and roundelay.

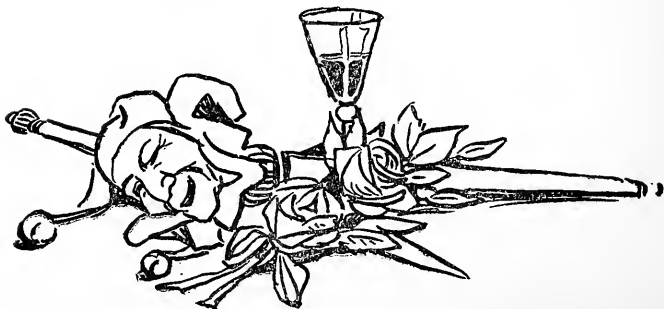
His hour is brief who tells the tale and  
soon, perchance, he lies  
In some neglected churchyard, but the  
story never dies.

The jester, too, with cap and bells and  
many a mirthful tale,  
Comes next with quick and merry prank,  
his master to regale,

## STORIES.

By cottage hearth, at wayside inn, around  
the roaring fire,  
We find the tale continued by the youth  
and gray-haired sire.  
The lover 'neath the casement of his lady's  
sheltered bower  
Pours forth sly Cupid's story, unmindful  
of the hour.  
And so down through the misty past, they  
march an endless throng  
With sunshine in their story and laughter  
in their song.

*Stories ! Stories ! Stories ! new and old.  
Stories well related, stories badly told.  
We hear them from the pulpit, on the street  
and railway car.  
At banquet, office, from the bench, in fact,  
where'er we are.  
So, as the story is the thing, to be right up to  
date  
I, too consign my humble share and leave the  
rest to fate.*









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